LAST DAYS OF MS. MARVEL®

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MARVEL | 018

Marvel Comics Proudly Presents:

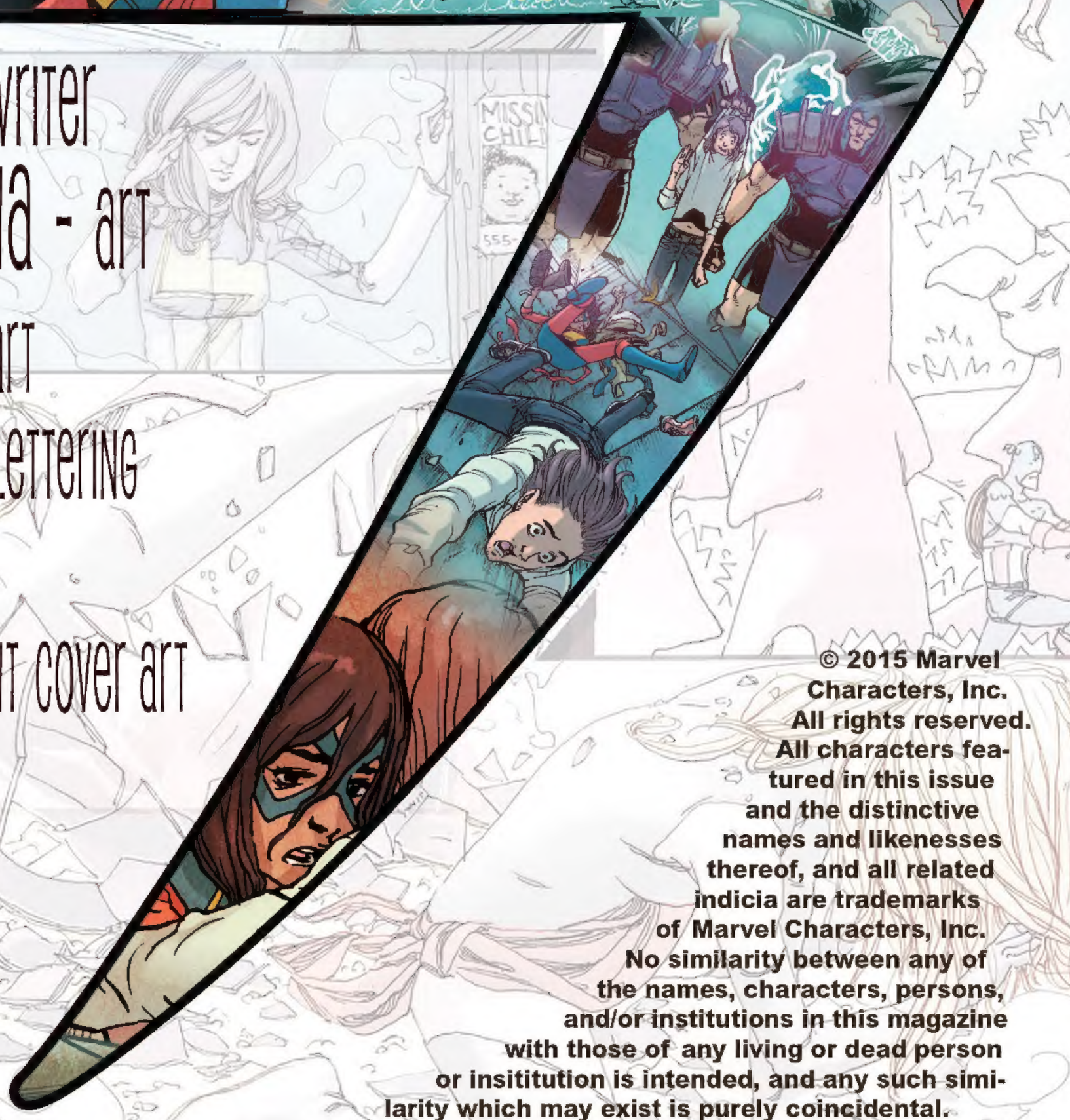
LAST DAYS

part three

After a strange terrigen mist descended upon Jersey City, Kamala Khan got polymorph powers and became the all-new Ms. Marvel.

Protecting Jersey City is Kamala's M.O, so when another planet started descending from the sky, Kamala kept her cool and got ready to defend her turf--until, she found out that her brother got kidnapped by her evil ex-crush, Kamran. This time danger was too close to home.

The one bright side: her personal hero, Captain Marvel showed up to help. Together the two tracked down Aamir--but they might have been too late...



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SO MY EVIL EX-CRUSH KIDNAPPED MY CLUELESS OLDER BROTHER IN AN ATTEMPT TO AWAKEN HIS SUPPOSED INHUMAN POWERS.

THE WORST PART IS...I THINK IT **WORKED.**

No! Aamir!

Keep your guard up--we don't know what those fumes might do--

It's not dangerous. It's good, pure *Terrigen Mist*--I stole it from New Attilan when no one was looking.

When Lineage breaks out and sees what I've helped Aamir become, he'll have to take me back--he'll forgive me for letting you get away--

Sorry, pretty boy. I don't know what you stole, but this is *not* Terrigen Mist. It doesn't work this way.

He didn't even cocoon. He looks sick. What did you give my brother?

Who cares? Whatever it was, I've *changed* him. He's one of *us* now.

While the rest of the world panics, we are going to rise--Nuhumans for a new world.

BUT IM RIGHT.

Kamran! Behind you!

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

Huh?!

REALLY WRONG.

Aam--
kaff kaff--
Aamir?

Unngh...

Where am I?

What... what *is* this?

ACME SHADY LABOR SERIES IV

Does this mean that Aamir...is he... Inhuman?

He can't be. This isn't Terrigen and I've never seen a transformation like this before.

Buhhh...

Aamir! No!

Is he--?

He's alive. Come on, Aamir--wake up--

BA-BOOM!

Wakey wakey, Aamir.

K-Kamran? Is that you?

I...I thought I heard *Kamala's* voice...

Don't worry about Kamala. You need to rest. I'm going to introduce you to people who can help you.

Help me? With what? Where am I? What *is* this?

This is a brave new world, Aamir, and *we* are going to live at the tippy-top of it.

What's this "we," private-school boy?

Your new Inhuman family--your destiny. Come with me--I'll explain everything.

I've already got a family.

And *you* are going to stay away from them--from *all* of us. *Especially* Kamala.

They'll never understand what you are now, Aamir. They'll *never* accept you. Not with the powers you've got.

I--I don't understand. What powers?

You've been blasting, like, ***psychic force fields*** around yourself. You've got ***super-powers***, man.

But I don't ***want*** super-powers.

What are you talking about? Everybody wants super-powers!

Not ***me***. I was happy the way I was.

How could you possibly have been happy the way you were?! You're a-- you're--

I'm a what? A religious freak? An MSA* nerd? A Salafi?

Yeah. I'm all those things. And I'm not ashamed of any of them.

*Muslim Students' Association.

And if you think that means you can take advantage of my sister--that I'll blame ***her*** for whatever happened between you, while ***you*** sashay off into the sunset 'cause you're a guy and nothing is ever your fault--

--Well, my brother, you are ***incorrect***.

Are you okay? Anything broken?

He--he doesn't ***hate*** me.

Sometimes I used to think he did...

He's your ***big brother***. He's on your side, kiddo.

What is wrong with the Khan family?! Why can't any of you recognize the opportunity of a lifetime when it comes knocking on your door?

You iron your Dockers and you've got an un-ironic soul patch. You and lifetime opportunities are mutually exclusive.

Aamir--

Hnngh!

Kamala!

I--I think I may have broken something after all...

We need to get you somewhere safe.

No-- I'll heal it-- just help my brother, ***please***--

You're an even bigger idiot than I thought you were, Aamir.

Weird. You're ***exactly*** as big of a duffel bag as I suspected.

Stay away from my family. Last warning.

FZZZT!

Huh?!

WAAAH!

CRRASH!

That's right! That is right!

Don't mess with--

Guuh--

AAMIR!

Hey! Wake up! Again!

What's wrong with him? Why does this keep happening?

He obviously can't control this-- whatever it is.

He's ***not*** Inhuman. This almost seems like some kind of allergic reaction to whatever this gas is. Those powers are not stable.

I hope you're right. If it ***is*** an allergic reaction, that means it could be ***temporary***.

I've got to get Aamir back to the school...he needs help, and I have no idea if any of the hospitals are even functional right now.

I'll help you. Lift in three, two, one...

What a day. Normal life is gonna seem insanely boring when all this is over.

Yeah. When all this is over.

Hnngh--

ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE SCHOOL, THE CITY--*MY* CITY--IS UNRECOGNIZABLE.

YOU KNOW THE SAYING "ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY"? I GUESS... THAT'S TRUE. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?

ROME DID *FALL* IN A DAY.

Whoa.

What happened to Aamir? Where have you been?

Long story.

This a friend of yours?

Carol... Freaking... Danvers... is at my school.

This is Bruno. He's not usually at a loss for words.

Get Aamir inside. See if we've got any doctors around. But keep him away from everybody else. There's been a... a complication.

What? Why? Does he have cooties or something?

Sort of. I'll explain in a minute. Thanks, Bruno.

C'mon, big guy. Let's hit the nurse's office.

Ggh--

I guess...I guess I can't convince you to stay here and hang out some more? We could really use an extra pair of super-strong hands.

Oh, kid--

I wish I could stay.

But there's some place I've got to be right now. I'm already late.

...What is it? What's wrong?

Okay. I might as well give this to you now.

Give me what?

Here. This is for you.

I don't do mushy very well, but...

I wanted you to have something you could hold. To remind you that you don't have to do all this alone.

...It's your star and my lightning bolt.

Yeah, it is. It's also a GPS locator, so don't lose it.

Gorgeous, yet functional.

That's how we roll.

But-- why do you look so sad?

We saved my brother, we stopped some looters, everybody is mostly okay at the school-- things are going well, right?

We're doing good, *right?*

Listen--

What's happening in Manhattan right now--it's *not* going to get better.

You've done a great job-- a fantastic job, really--preparing for the best possible outcome of this mess.

And--and you should keep doing what you're doing. People are counting on you.

But you need to be prepared--within yourself--for the worst possible outcome too.

Like... the zombie apocalypse or something?

The zombie apocalypse would be something. You need to be prepared for nothing.

For the end of things.

But I thought--I thought we'd just keep going. Like, things would get all Mad Max for a while, but we'd survive--

Oh, sweetheart.

You know, I thought I came out here for me. So I could get a sense of ***closure***-- meet this gutsy, upstart girl who's taken on my name.

But over the past couple of hours, I've realized something--

I came here for me, but I stayed for ***you***.

A lot of people think you're something special, and now I see why.

And--and it makes me wish we had more time.

...How much time do we have?

I've already said too much.

Which means it's probably time for me to go.

Good luck, Ms. Marvel. For what it's worth--

I'm proud of you.

Thanks, Captain. For everything.

AND JUST LIKE A SHOOTING STAR, SHE'S GONE.

CAROL DANVERS, ONE HUNDRED PERCENT DIFFERENT AND ONE HUNDRED PERCENT MORE AWESOME THAN I EVER IMAGINED.

AND I START THINKING...

...WHAT DO I DO NOW?

WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO DO WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT GONNA WIN THIS TIME?

HOW DO YOU BE A HERO WHEN THINGS HAVE GONE TOO WRONG FOR YOU TO FIX THEM?

HOW DO YOU COPE WITH THE END OF THE WORLD?

CAUTION

SCHOOL NURSE

WHOA! WHOA!
Watch it, bruh!
I'm sorry! I'm trying to get it under control!
What's wrong? What happened?
Your brother is having some issues.
I'm *fine*. I just need to make up my missed prayers and clear my head.
Are you sure you're okay?
I'd be a lot better if it weren't for that walking Brooks Brothers franchise known as Kamran. This is all his fault.
He gassed me with some weird techno mist and then I got this really heinous intestinal distress and basically started shooting out *Star Wars* beams all over the place.
I told you from the beginning he was up to no good! But oooh no, nobody listens to Aamir the fundo--
It's not *my* fault he's a total sociopath!
We'll, uh, leave you guys alone for a little while.
Hey!
Look, you may just have to put up with this for a while--until whatever-it-is goes away.
Who knows, you might even decide you like it.
Like what? Having super-powers? That's not *me*, Kamala.

I don't aspire to all this sci-fi stuff everybody is into now. I don't read the Avengers gossip in the tabloids.

XXL AMERICAN ACUPUNCTURE NEEDLES

I do my own thing. I go to the mosque. I volunteer. I read books.

Why doesn't anybody believe I'm happy the way I am?!

Okay. Okay. I get it.

But you've still gotta figure out what to do. You can't just randomly force-field-up. You'll put people in danger.

I'll figure out how to control it. *"Allah never burdens a soul beyond its capacity."*

Now, please-- give me a few minutes to myself.

You ***can't possibly*** know what it's like to suddenly wake up with powers you can't explain.

You just don't ***understand.***

My Aamir-jaan! My son! Is he all right?!

What's happened? Everybody tells us something different--

SLAM!

Your son has crazy powers. But the good news is, they're probably temporary.

And he's being a total wet sock about it.

Crazy powers?!

Has he eaten another tainted samosa from those charlatans at Shifty Shaheed's?

My poor baby!

Oh God.

NURSE

Beta! What have you done to yourself *this* time?!

Why weren't you looking out for your brother? You know he always has his head in the clouds! How could you let this happen?

NATURALLY. IT NEVER TAKES LONG FOR EVERYTHING TO BECOME ***MY*** FAULT.

AS IF AAMIR ISN'T OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF...***TYPICAL...***

THEN I REMEMBER...

THESE MIGHT BE THE *LAST HOURS* I EVER SPEND WITH AMMI. WITH ABU. WITH MY STUPID OLDER BROTHER. WITH EVERYONE I KNOW...

I'm waiting!

Ammi, I--

There's a reason I couldn't get to Aamir in time to stop what happened to him.

I was--I was fighting with some looters and trying to rescue some kittens. Which is pretty much what I do every night now.

What are you saying?!

I have something to tell you.

I'm telling you now because I might not ever have a chance to tell you again, and I don't want--I don't want to die without telling my Ammi. I don't want the last thing the angels write in my book to be a lie...

...*I* am Ms. Marvel.

Oh, beta...

...I know.

TO BE CONCLUDED!

ZONE